BY T. S. ARTHUS. -

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PISK HOUSE-Ashtabula, O.-E. G. GLEA-Supristor. An Omnabus running to and from every cars. Also, a good livery-stable kept in connection is nonzerts convey; assengers to any point. 488

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Provisions, Produce, and so forth, Main street, Ashta-bula, Ohio. 471

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G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, oppsite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O.

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DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of , Designs in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every re-riety. Also general Undertakors, and manufacturers of Oof-ies to order, Main street, North of South Public Square

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Man-uf-colory, shaun schall-shuant, North Main circot, near the office of Dr. Farrington. Ashlabnia, O. 451.

ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862. A Moment of Passion.

M. G. DICK, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer. Also, Dealer in Sheet-Music, Toys, and General Variety Goods, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio, 467

Livery Stables H. F. & J. U. CULVER, have removed to the Fink House Stable, where they affer to the citizens of Ashtabula the une of the best equipped Livery Stable in Ashtabula County, at prices that range but just above the living standard. Call and see. Nov. 1, 1860. 567

Miscellancous.

D. S. WILLIAMS, Wholesale dealer in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 105 and 107 Chambers st., and 89 a 91 Reade st., New-York.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE-Western Union is removed to the Drng Store of Hendry & Copeland, corner Main and Center Streets, three doors south of Fisk House J. M. ALLEN, Manager.

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables.
Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruits, Tomstos, &c. East A tabula, Oblo.

TIME TABLE OF THE

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD story we wish to relate.

GOIND RAST.				1	GOING WEST.			
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00.00	4.00	4.35	9.20	Cleveland,	5.30	9.10	3.05	5.2
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		0.27		Unionville,		T.15	6.70	
[1.40]		6.36		Geneva,	E 3	7.64	1.25	
5, 30		6.47		Saybrook,	1000	6.51	100000	
2 63	5.44	7.00	11.19	Ashtagula.	3.34	6.37	1.04	a: 13
12.18		7.17	2200	Kingsville.	2757		12,49	
2.32		7.85	11.47	Conseast,	June Col	6.0)	12.32	2.4
1.30	7.00	10000	12.47	Erie.			11.10	

Frains do not stop at Stations where the time is omitted i the above tables.

All through Trains going Westward, connect at Cleveland, with Trains for Toledo, Chicago, Columbus, Cucinnati, Indiamopolis, 4c.

And all through Trains going Eastward, connect at Dunkirk with the Trains of N. Y. & E. R. R., and at Buffa o, with those of N. Y. Central, and Buffalo & N. Y. City Balli rads, for New York, Albany, Boston, Niegara Fells, 4c., 4c.

A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent-CLEVELAND, Nov. 4, 1861.

A PERMANENT FIXTURE.

A. A. Thayer

store, with the intention of staying forty years, to give t people of Ashtabula and County all around, some of the NICE PICTURES he is so wont to take. Yes, I intend FIRST CLASS ROOM,

and do all kinds of work, from the lowest price up to hundreds of dollars. That new and splendid style of pictures THE PHOTOGRAPH,

taken here, a permanent and beautiful one. Old pictures photographed, enlarged to life size, and colored in oil if desired.

I shall make it my study to please my sustomers, and keep up with the times.

I invite the attention of my many friends and acquaintances throughout the county to Thayku's Hooms, to get

A. A. THAYER.

The Beautiful Picture you want ! and to all I say "Come and Sae."

March, 1800*

NEW England Fire and Marine Insu-

NEW SHOE SHOP .- Harry Redhead wishing to have a chance in among the ups and downs of life, has taken the new shop next to M. G. Dicks' Stere, where he intends to fill orders for work,

From a Baby's Cack to a Gents Fine Boot

which will be made under his one eye, and with an he ference to durability and taste.

THE EMPTY CRABLE.

In the lonely quiet chamber There's an empty cradle bed, With a print upon the pillow

Of a baby's shining head. "Tis a fair and dainty cradle, Downy soft with pillows white, But vithin the blanket folded Lies no little form to-night.

Once the mother sat beside it, When the day was growing dim; And her pleasant voice was singing Soft and low a cradle hymn.

Now there's no more need of singing When the evening shadows creep, For the cradle bed is empty, And the baby gone to sleep. Little head that used to nestle

In the pillows white and soft-Little hands whose restless fingers Folded there in dreams so soft-Lips we pressed with fondest kisses-Eyes we praised for puress ray-Underneath the churchyard daisies They have hidden all away.

Ab, the empty, useless cradle ! We will put it out of sight, Lest our hearts should grieve too sorely, For the little one to night. We will think how safe forever

In the better field above That young lamb for which we sorrow Resteth now in Jesus' love.

True Poetry.

For elegance and beauty, the following lines from the pen of Charles Mackay, challenge the whole world of poetry :---

How many thoughts 1 give thee ! Come hither on the grass,
And if thou'lt count usfailing
The green blades as we pass,
Or the leaves that sigh and tremble,
To the sweet wind of the west, Or the rippling of the river, I'll count the thoughts I give thee,

My beautiful, my blest I How many joys I owe thee! Come at where joys run high, And count the heaving billows. That break on the shores and die-Or the grains of sand they fondle, When the storms are overblown, Or the peal in the deep-sea caveros, Or the stars in the milky zone,

And I'll count the joys I owe thee,

My beautiful, my owo !

And how much love I proffer ! Come scoup the ocean dry,
Or weigh in thy tiny balance
The star ships of the sky;
Or twine around thy fingers,
The suclight alreaming wide,
Or fold it in thy bosom,
While the world is dark beside;
And I'll tell how much I love thee,
My beautiful, my bride;

Tell me what? my little Eddie's life ? I heard nothing of it.

husky. This story, or something like it, has been old before, but we wish to tell it in our own way. And the lesson it teaches will bear many repetitions. Mr. Ellis was a man of kind and tender feelings, but quick tempered and impulsive. because he said you had told him not to go. He had a son, ten years old, a bright, handsome, generous-hearted boy, who inherited his father's impulsive character. A but, as I learn, Eddie would go down to quick tempered father and a thoughtless, the river, and your boy followed him, but adopting the siry and pleasing uniform of impulsive bey are apt to get into a sharp kept at a distance from the water. In the Southern Confederacy; and am therecollision at times, and it was so with Mr. Ellis and his little son. The father's com- or getting into boats, he sat by himself mands were not always obeyed; and as away off. Then, sir, my Eddie, in leaning the father had some strict notions in re- over the river, slipped and fell in ; and gard to obedience, punishments jarred your boy, instead of running away, half amid the household harmonies rather more frightened out of his senses, as most chil- officers, my boy, and is the only guise in frequently than a wise regard to justice dren of his age would have done, sprang which a fellow being may scrutinize the and humanity would have spp oved. The down to the wharf, and into the water af hasty temper and foregone conclusions of ter Eddie. I wonder they were not both Mr. Ellis made his disclipline oftener cruel drowned. It was only in God's mercy that than reformatory. A single instance will they were saved. When the man who saw illustrate our meaning; and that is the what happened, got to the place and look- having penetrated to the rear, where hor-It was a pleasant summer afternoon, Willie, holding to a ring in one of the logs and Willie Ellis came out from his mother's with his right hand, and clinging to Eddie hands clad all in white linen, and looking with his left. Such courage and presence

fond of sporting, and in the ocze of which must thank him for his noble act." he sometimes soiled his garments in a sad way, much to the discomfort of himself and his mother.

Willie, said Mr. Ellis, as the boy passed ut, where are you going ?

Only to play, answesed the roguish touth. To play-where? With Eddie Wheeler, down at his house

Did your mother say you might go there? Yes, sir. Very, well ; all right, then. But, mind one thing-you are not to go down to the that again. So, remember, that I've said- and stood still suddenly.

don't go to the river? Not if Mr. Wheeler lets Eddie go ! There was a half pleading look in the young, bight face.

No, was the imperative answer; I've residence. said don't go to the river, and if you diso bey me I'll punish you severely.
Willie's step had lost some of its ightness when he moved on again.

Mind that you don't forget ! called the ather after him. The boy heard but did not look back or make any re pon-e, which a little annoyed Still the case puzzled him. Mr. Ellis, who had grown very sensitive on

the score of strict obedience.

It wouldn't at all surprise me, he said to imself, if he were to come home in an body. our all covered with river mud. He is so

Something had gone wrong with Mr. state of feeling more frequently than from was the boy's tender spirit that had been

considerations of right. Mr. Eliis went away from home soon after and returned in an hour. As he stood at the door, and glanced around for a moment before entering, he saw Willie in a shocking, plight, wet and soiled from head to foot, slink through the garden gate. . The boy had noticed him, and was bors went home-the doctor retired-and endeavoring to get into the house without the father and mother were left alone with being seen. But, at the door where he had brought his father there.

So you have been to the river, after all that I said. The boy lifted a pale face and frightened

Didn't I tell you not to go to the river? A vice like grip was already on his soft | their gaze. little arm.

Yes, sir, came through the quivering

And you went for all ! But, father-

Not a word, sir! I told you not to go to the river, didn't I? Eddie Wheeler-The poor child tried

to exclaim. I don't want to hear about Eddie Wheeler. He can't excuse disobedience. Come, the garret, and taking down a rod, swung him?

it in the air above his head. Oh father ! Don't! Let me tell von! A look, almost like despair, was in the boy's face. Mr. Ellis remembers it to this day; and will remember it to the day of his de:th.

I don't wish to hear any excuse, was reevery nerve quiver with pain.

Oh, father ! Once more the mild, appealing look, so full of agony, was lifted to the stern face above him, but lifted in vain. A second cruel stroke fell, and then a rain of strokes, until the father's sense of pity, intruding between anger and unforgiving justice, stayed he had dropped from his hand-motionless as if life were extinct. He had met the pale, suffering mother below, she had loved the boy tenderly, and had felt every smarting heart, answered : blow, but he passed her without a word. She had seen Willie as he encountered his futher at the door, and understood the meaning of this heavy punishment. Mr. Ellis went out into the porch to breathe the freer air, and cool the sudden excitement under which be bad been laboring. As he shut the door behind him, in a kind of instinctive effort to separate himself from a painful acene, he stood face to face with Mr. Wheeler. A hand grasped his in a quick strong pres-

It was a brave act, sir ! He's a nob boy ! Where is he ? I don't understand you, said Mr. Ellis looking bewildered. Didn't he tell you ?

How he sprang into the river and saved

There was a choking sensation in Mr. Ellis's throat-his voice was faint and

boy ! He came over to play with Eddie ; and Eddie wanted to go down to the river, ly respectable and strategic manner; and but Willie said he couldn't go to the river: Eddie conxed him; but Willie was firm. I was pleased at his obedient spirit, Well, I lost sight of them after a little while . stead of climbing over the logs and barrels, acy is much respected by many of our ed over the dock into the water, there was rible carnage was being wrought in the as sweet and pure as innocence itself. The of mind in a boy almost surpasses belief? the ground. In a moment, he looked up, house stood only a short distance from a Where is he? He ran off home as soon and says he to the wariors in his neighbor river, on the banks of which the boy was as the man lifted him from the water. I hood :

> At this moment the door openeing into the porch swung back, and the white face grass, just now, when I turned to speak to of Mrs. Ellis looked out. Oh, husband ! she exclaimed, in a voice

of terror, come to Willie ! quick ! Mr. Ellis followed his wife, and the neighbor hurried after them. The mother had found her boy lying insensible on the garret floor, and bifting him in her arms had brought him down stairs, and laid him

in his wet clothes upon her own bed. As Mr. Ellis came into the room, he saw the deathly face turned toward the door. river. Yesterday you came home with The sight seemed to blast his vision. He your clothes soiled and wet. I won't have struck his hands together, shut his eyes,

Will you run for the doctor? said Mrs. Ellis to the neighbor. The neighbor did literally as the mother said-he ran all the way to the physician's

By the time the doctor arrived, Willie's that there had been an over excitement of then make prisoners of the whole, the brain, leading to suspended animation.

He may have been hurt in jumping from strategy. the wharf, suggested Mr. Wheeler. The doctor on this hint examined the

What is this ? he asked, as a long, purthoughtless, or self willed-I hardly know ple stripe, lying across the back and shoul a moment the doomed structure fell splash. John Dolland, the inventor of the achoo ble ground before plowing it in the fall or which. But children must be made to ders, met his eyes. And this he added, as ing into the water. It was beautiful to see matic telescope, spent his early years at spring calculating on the benefit of the ash

He may have been hart internally, said Ellis, and he was in sterner mood than the doctor, drawing back the clothes, and Ah! says Villiam, proudly; the United usual. Moods of mind, rather than a sense uncovering the fair body that was marked States of America is now prepared to conof justice, oftenest influence our conduct with cruel lines. He was right in that, but time in the exchange business, andwith reference to others. We act from the injury was deeper than he imagined. It

> This will not last doctor ? The pale lips of Mr. Ellis quivered, as

a asked the question. I think not, was the uncertain answer. It did not last. There came soon after signs of returning vitality. The neighthe bravehearted boy, who had been wronged hoped to enter unobserved, he encountered a so cruelly. Mr. Ellis could not bear to stern an angry face. A few quick strides look at him. He felt, twice over, upon his own heart, the blows he had given. There was such a rebuke in the pale face and shut eyes of the boy, who had not yet spoken, or recognized any one, that he could not stay in the chamber. Every moment be looked to see the eyes open, and how could be meet

> Mr. Ellis has been away from the room for only a few minutes, when the bushed voice of his wife, calling him, reached his ears. He came to where she stood, half way down staris.

Willie wants you, she said.

Has he recovered? asked the father. Yes. He opened his eyes and looked all around the room as soon as you went out. Then he shut them again, as if to think and then looking up, after a little while sir, we'll settle this tusiness! and he dragged said, Where is Father? I told him you the white faced boy after him, up stairs, to were down stairs, and he said wont you call

Mr. Ellis went up to meet his child, in a state of mental depression difficult to be conceived. He could have faced almost any imagined danger with less of shrinking than he now felt in going into the presence of Willie. But there was no holding back. What did the boy want? What had he plied, as the rod came down upon the to say? How would be receive him? sbrinking child, with a storke that made These questions crowded and bewildered gone to? his mind. He pushed open the door, softly, and went in.

The boy's waiting ears had heard the almost noiseless feet approach; and his eyes were upon the entrance. Mr. Ellis did not speak, but came over to the bed. Oh, father ! I didn't do wrong-I wasn't disobedient, said Willie, making an effort his arm. He went down stairs, and left to rise from the pillow, and speaking with the boy lying in the middle of the floor, as eagerness. I tried to tell you, but you wonldn't bear----

He was going on, but his father caught him up, and as he drew him tightly to his

I know it all, my brave, brave boy ! Then Willie's arms found their way his father's neck and clung there tightly. His cheeks, when his head went back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, were wet, but not with his own tears, Could father or child ever forget that day ? The child might ; but the father, never !

Oh, hasty, impulsive, passonite father, take warning in time! Be on your guard. Hear before you strike. Punish not on any hasty provocation. Take nothing for granted. It is a sad think to bear through life a memory like that which burdens the heart of Mr. Ellis, whenever the thought goes backward into the irrevocable past.

He who has an inordinate admiration for antiquity must have more taste for wrinkles

STRATEGY AT THE CAPITAL.

You are probably aware, my boy, that And he didn't tell you? Brave, noble the unconquerable Mackerel Brigade is still advancing upon Washington in a highthat all correspondents are excluded from the lines, least some of them, in their natural blackness of heart, should construe the advance upon Washington into a retreat from Richmond.

But I gained admission to the scene by by enabled to give you some further account of the skilful retrogade advance to which I dimly referred in my absorbing last. The uniform of the celebrated Confeder-

national strategic works with entire safety. Thus attired, I joined the Mackerel Brigade in its cheerful work of pushing Richmond away from its martial front, and frantie ranks of the Confederacy, I beheld the idolized General of the Mackegel Brigade anxiously searching for something upon

My children, have you seen anything of a small black bottle that I placed upon the

A Mackerel chap coughed respectfully and says he : I guess it was taken by some equestrian Confederacies, which has just made another raid

Thunder ! says the General, that's the th rd bottle I've loct in the same way within an hour. And he proceeded slowly and thoughtfully to mount his borse, which stood eyeing him with funeral solemnity and many inequalities of surface.

Turning to another part of the line, m boy, I beheld Captain Villiam Brown and Captain Bob Shorty in the act of performing a great strategic movement with the indomitable Conic Section, many of whom were employing the moment to take a last look at the canteens presented to them before leaving home by their devoted mothers. A number of reckless Confederacies had wet garment had been removed. He a-ked just crossed a bridge spanning a small but few questions as to the meaning of the stream near by, and the object of this boy's condition. Mr. Wheeler had told of daring movement was to suddenly destroy his heroic conduct, and the inference was the bridge, before they could retreat and

It was a sublime conception, by boyit was a sublime conception, and rich with

Like panthers surrounding their unsus pecting prey, the wily Mackerels swept axes with the quickness of thought, and in matics, and thence to optics and astronomy. Revolution, to let the fire run over all staball bazards; and if he disobeys me this Mr. Ellis turned his face away, sick at his eyes brightened like small bottles of business even for some years after his eldest the stubble and of the straw also, may not time, he will have cause to remember it heart; he could not follow the doctor's brandy with the light shining through them, and says he :

We have circumvented the Confederacy. He paused. He paused, my boy, be

cause he suddenly observed that Captain Bob Shorty had commenced to scratch his maker. In this last employment he stole head in a dismal manner. I'm blessed, says Captain Bob Shorty, in

cholerical manner-I'm blessed if I don't think there's some mistake here, my military with a blunted awl. Few names are more Hu ! says Villiam, with dignity ; do you discover a flaw in the great chain woven by the United States of America around

Captain Bob Shorty again scratched his ead, and says he : I don't wish to make unpleasant insinua tions; but it seems to me this here body of infantry has left itself on the wrong side of

the doomed Confederacy ?

the stream ! And so it had, my boy. By one of those little mistakes, which will sometimes occur in the most victorious armies, the Co nie section had thoughtlessly crossed the bridge before destroying it, thus leaving themselves on on side of the river, while the riotous Confederacies were on the

How they got across again, at a fordale place, higher up, just in time to see the Coufederacies cross again, at a fordable place lower down, I will not pause to tell you, as such information might retard enlistments.

Once more stationing myself near the General of the Mackerel Brigade, who sat astride his funeral charger like the equestrian statute of the Duke of Wellington, I was watching his motions attentively, when a body of horsemen suddenly dashed by him, and I saw, as they disappeared, that

he was left bareheaded. Thunder, says the general, winking ver violently in the sunlight, and rattling his sword in a fearles manner, where is my cap

There was a respectful Mackeral cap at hand, and says he: I think it was took by the equistran Con federacy, which has jest made another Hum! says the general, thoughtfully, that's very true. Thunder says the general

to himself, as it were : this is all Greeley's Pondering deeply over this last remark I sauntered to another part of the field, where the Orange County Howitzers were being prepared to repel the charge of a regiment of Confederacies, who had just come own consciences, believe that the poorest within our lines for the purpose. The urtillery was well handled, my boy, and not a piece would have been captured but for the splendid discipline of the gunners. They were too well disciplined to dispute orders, my boy; and as Captain Samyule Sa-mith to despise a man because he was humble, had accidently forgotten to give the order or because he was poor, or because he was to "load" before he told them to fire, the weak, or because he was black. effect of our metal upon the hostile force was not as inflamatory as its might have

The next I saw of Samyule, he was making his report to the general, who received now rich. him with much enthusiasm.

Where are your guns, my child, says the general with paternal affability. Samyule blew his nose in a business-like manner, and says he :

Several of them have just gone South. I am unable to state what response the it soon became easy to do so. It general intended to make, my boy; for at babit that I owe my prosperity.

this instant a body of horsemen swept between the speakers, one of the riders jerking the veteran's horse violently from under im, and galloped the steed away with him. What might be done, if men were wist-Up sprang the general, in a violent perspiration, and says he :

Where's my horse gone to ? I guess, says a Mackeral chap, stepping up-I guess that it was took by the equestrian Confederacy, which has just made

another raid. Thunder, says the general, they'll take my coat and vest next. And he retired to

a spot nearer Washington. I would gladely continue my narrative of the advance movement, my boy, showing bow our forces continued their march in ex cellent order, safely reaching a spot within ten miles of the place they gained on the following day; but such revelation would simply tend to confuse your weak mind with those great doubts concerning military affairs which tend to render civilians imperti-

nently critical. It is the simple duty of civilians my boy, to implicitely trust our brass buttoned generals; of whom there are enough to furnish the whole world with-and never

finish it at that. Yours, weekly, ORPHEUS C. KEER.

For Young Men. Give a young man a taste for reading, and in that single disposition you have furnished him with a great safeguard. He has found at home that which others have to seek abroad, namely, pleasnrable excitement. He has learned to think even when his book is no longer in his hand, and it is

Some of those who have been most emient in learning and science made their first attainments in sna ches of time stolen from manual employment. Haus Sachs, the poet of the Reformation, and the Burns of Germany, began life as did Barns, a poor boy; he was a tailor's son and served an apprenticeship, first to a shoemaker and to a weaver, and continued to work at the loom as long as he lived. The great dramatist, Ben. Johnson, was a working bricklayer, and afterward a soldier. Linuwus, the father of modern botany, was once on the shoemaker's bench. Our immortal Franklin, it need scarcely be said, was a printer. Herschel, whose name is incribed on the heavens, was the son of a poor musician, and at the age of fourteen years was placed in a band attached to the Han he undertook to teach music, and then became an organist. But while he was cases are more celebrated than that of Gif- sian flies, midges and smut on grain. Has ford, the founder and editor of the Qurterly Review. He was an orphan, and barely escaped the poor-house. He became a ship boy of the most menial sort on board of a coasting vessel. He was afterward for six years apprenticed to a shoetime from the last for arithmetic and algebra, and for lack of other conveniences, used to work out his problems on leather

noted in modern literature.

Jacob Barker and the Money-Changers. Jacob Barker, many years ago offered some good paper for discount in one of the Wall-street banks, and, when the board of directors met, they, after matured deliberation, threw the paper out, which dis pleased friend Jacob, and he consequently sought revenge, for what he considered rather ungentleman'y treatment. A few days elapsed when Jacob presented forty thousand dollars of the bank and demanded the specie, which was rolled out to him in kegs of one thousand dollars each—the telier of the bank informing him that they regretted that they were obliged to give him small a dilemma; but being equal to the emer- the next room, and told his wife that gency Jacob requested the porter to untook a handful of the coin from each, and request the teller to place the remainder his credit. It was said, at the time, of the institution to count the coin.

Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to trend: it now seems out; Pray, sir, do not make a strainger of but a step. And yet along the way are me. broken shrines, where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; footprints sacred under the drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering tears ; shadows even we could not forget We will garner the sunshine of those years and with chastened step and reasonable hopes, push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and storms

Governor Andrew, of Mussachusetts, thus blasphemed the Dred Scott Decision a few weeks since at a Methodist camp

I appeal to the conscience of every man and woman present, if you do not in your and humblest man of all this earth, in the sight of God is your equal brother, and equal heir of immortality. God hath made enough to publish half the disappoint of one blood all the nations of men, and he is no respecter of persons. I never dared

HOW OUR NEIGHBOR BECAME RICH. There is a neighbor of ours over the way who commenced life a poor boy. When he was asked how he had acquired his riches, he thus replied: My father taught me never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. I formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

BY ORANGE MACKAY. What glorious deeds, my suffering brother, Would they unite In love and right, And cease their scorn of one another !

Oppression's heart might be imbued With purest drops of losing kindoe's, And knowledge pure From shore to shore Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs-All vice and crime might die together ; And wine and corn To each man born Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod, The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow, Might stand erect In self-respect; And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done, And more than this, my suffering brother-More than the tongue E'er said or sung. If men were wise and loved each other.

AUTUMN OR WINTER MANURING THE BEST. The Country Gentleman says :- "Nearly all the benefits of autumn manaring may be secured, where cattle and other animals for want of thinking that youth go to are kept in stables or warm basements, by drawing out the manure during the comparatively leisure time of winter, and spreading it at once on the lands. The winter rains, whenever they occur, and all the spring rains, will give it a thorough washing, and carry the liquid into the soil; but such places must be selected for this purpose as will not favor the accumulation of water into brooks or streams, and thus carry off the manure altogether. Grass lands are much the best for this treatment by tending to retain the manure. Nothing is better for gardens that are to be enriched for spring crops, than antumn or winter application of manure ; and newly planted trees, dwarf pears, strawberry beds, &c., receive a great deal of protection against cold by such coatings, which are to be

turned in in spring. BURNING STUBBLE .- The Massachusetts overian guards. After going to England Ploughman says :-- Would it not be a good plan to burn the straw and all the stubble, on the wheat ground, after the harvest is supporting uimself in this way, he over. The ashes on some kinds of land learning Itulian, Latin and even Greek. | would be equal to the straw as manure. It noiselessly across the bridge, applied their From music he was naturally led to mathe- was customary with our farmers, before the Villiam's honest exultation at this moment; the silk loom; and continued in his original manure. We doubt whether the buring of son came to an age to join him in it. Few be the most effectual way of killing Hes-

any farmer tried it ?

FONTENELLE. - This distinguished author ands out among writers for having reached the extraordinary age of a hundred years. It was believed of him that he never truly laughed or er'el in the whole course of his existence. The following characteristic anecdote is told of him :-Oue day a certain bonvivant Abbe came unexpectedly to dine with bim. The Abbe was fond of asparagus dressed with butter for which Fontenelle also had a great gout, out preferred it dressed with with oil -Fourenelle said for such a friend there was no sacrifice he would no make; the Abbe should have half the dish of asparagus he had ordered for himself, and moreover, it should be dressed with butter. While they were conversing thus together, the Abbo feli dow in a fit of apoplexy; upon which Fontenelle instantly scampered down stairs, and engerly called out to his cook : "The whole with oil; the whole with oil, as at

Dr .- , one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay to dinner, which he coin-five and ten-cent pieces. Here was accepted of; the gentleman stepped into the next room, and told his wife that he had invited the doctor to dinner, and dehead the casks, which being done, Jacob sired her to provide something extraordiuary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, till at last her husband, being very much provokthat it required the whole available force ed at her behaviour, protested that if it were not for the strange gentleman in the next room, he would turn her out of doors immediately. Dr .-- , who heard all, cried

first."

A burglar was one e frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who, putting night-capped head out of the window, exclaimed, Go away! aint you ashamed?

upation was housewifery, scrubbed her sitting room flour until she fell through into the cellar. A man who has addressed a stranger by mistake apologizes by saying, I was mistaken in the person. Many a married

An old lady in Holland, whose sole oc-

couple might make the same apology to each other. Revenge is a fever in one's blood, gen ally to be cared only by letting the blood

A paper can publish the appointments after the coming is of a new administration but what paper in the world is large

ments. A talkative man neither hears nor is heard. He won't listen to others, nor they

Stones a idle words are things not to be thrown at random. He who does not give until the request has been made of him, gives too late, so al

The murning son chases away the daws drops with his beat, but, ere night, may come rain and the rainbow—the vanished dew-drops, gloriously reset, a glitterin

Whatever is necessary to be done can be done ; natural and its Author are too wild reficient to joke accounty with im possibility.